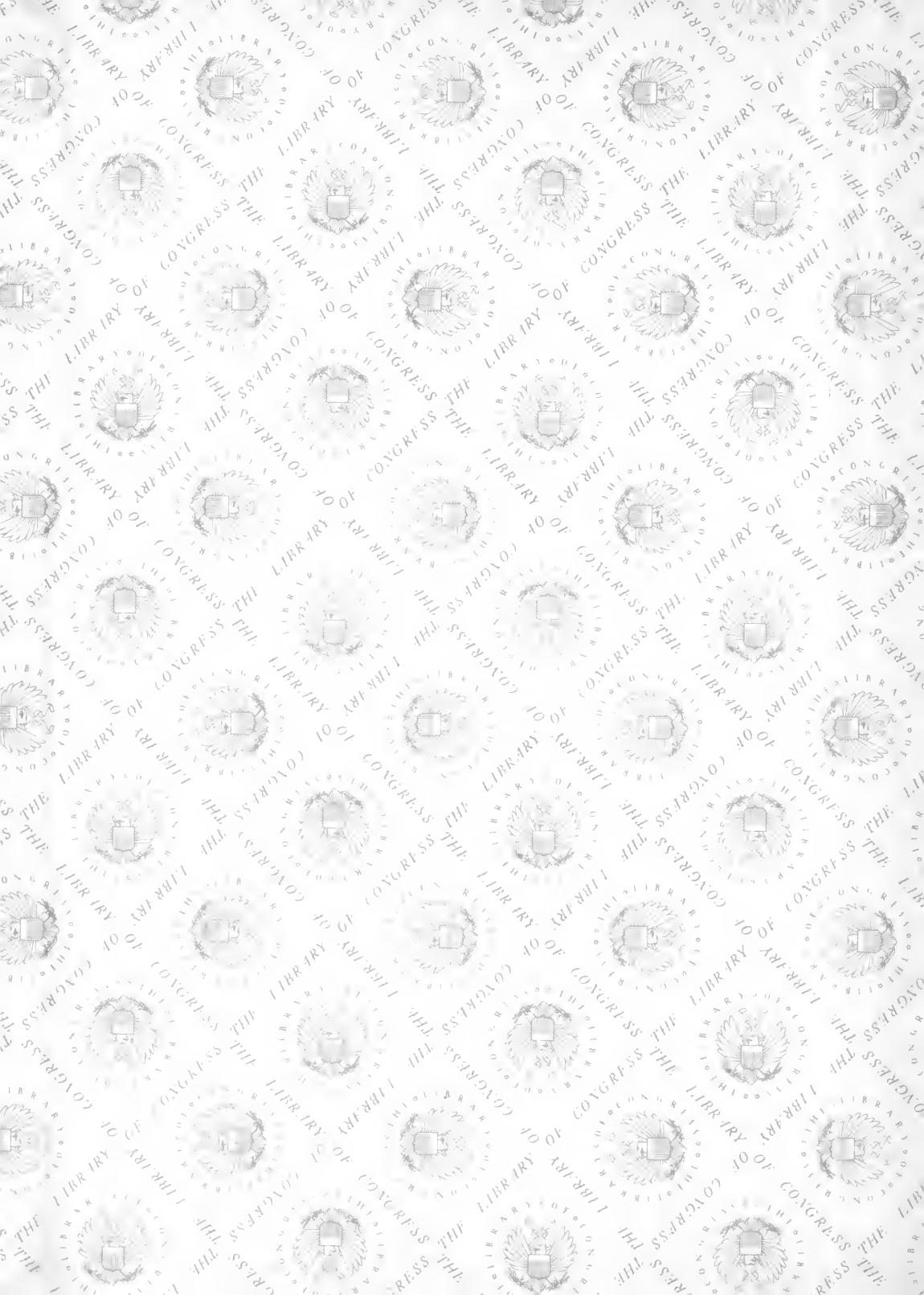
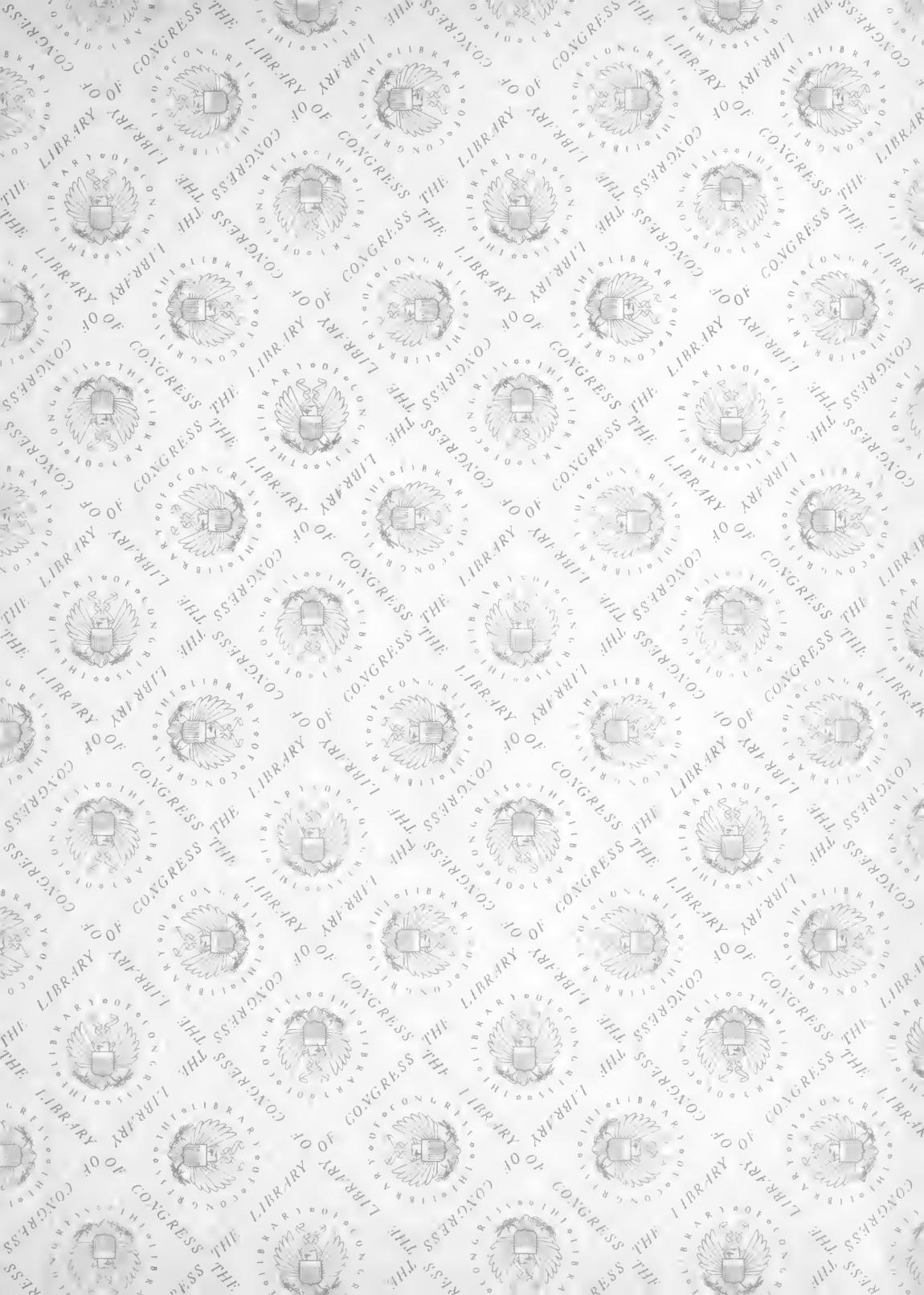


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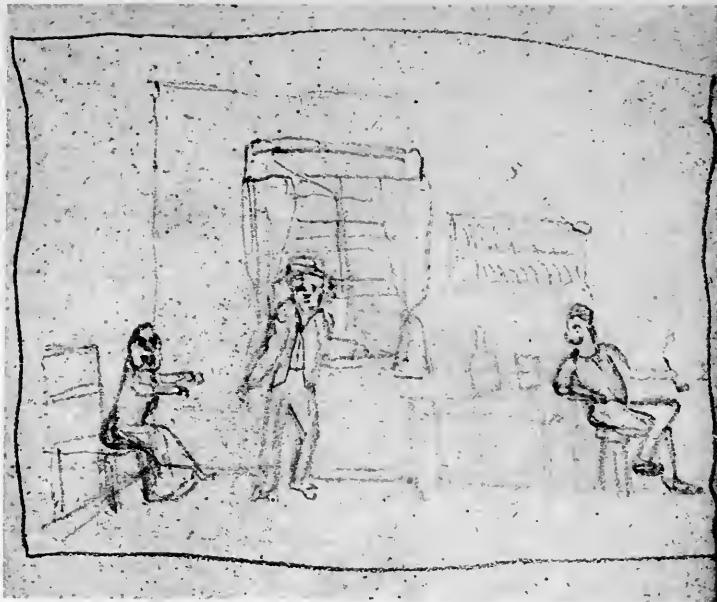






STEVENSON'S WORKSHOP





STEVENSON'S WORKSHOP

WITH TWENTY-NINE MS. FACSIMILES

EDITED BY

WILLIAM P. TRENT



PRINTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEMBERS OF
THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY
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FOREWORD

In selecting the pages of Stevenson's manuscript for reproduction in this volume the purpose has been to include only such specimens as will have a special interest for Stevensonians, either because the pages contain more or less fragmentary material never before printed, or for the reason that they show the initial drafts, with interesting variants, of pieces that afterwards became a part of the author's published works.

As Professor Trent has pointed out, there are a number of unpublished pieces that were destined for *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which would not have discredited that volume, and it is possible that future editors and students of Stevenson's works will wish to avail themselves of valuable information conveyed through these pages, and not otherwise accessible to those who are not privi-

leged to examine the original manuscripts, which are privately owned.

It is not to be expected that the rather disconnected contents of this volume will make a strong appeal to the general reader, but students and lovers of Stevenson will derive both knowledge and enjoyment from the various facsimile pages showing the evolution of the author's thoughts.

It is worthy of remark that the extant MSS. of Stevenson's earliest poems show very few changes, such as elisions or interlineations,—possibly because he destroyed the original drafts,—while those of many of his later poems are so changed and interlined, emended and transposed that it is exceedingly difficult to decipher them. Although the writing in some of these photographic reproductions is so small as to require the use of a strong reading glass, they are nevertheless given in their original size, and are almost as clear as the originals themselves.

It needs no argument to convince the bibliophile that in the examination of an author's chirography there is an element of satisfac-

tion not to be experienced in reading cold type; for as a photograph discloses the lineaments of the face, so does an author's handwriting convey an unequivocal reflection of his mind and personality. These manuscript facsimiles will furthermore furnish an intimate and comprehensive exposition of the methods employed by Stevenson in rounding out and polishing his work, and will be of unquestionable interest to all who admire his writings. Mutilated and complex as some of the pages are, many readers will find pleasure in deciphering them, in puzzling out uncertain and baffling words, and in placing their own estimate upon the literary quality of various unprinted poems and fragments of poems which were discarded either by Stevenson or by early editors of his works. For a case in point, let the reader turn to the verses entitled "Windy Nights," at page 25 of this volume and judge for himself whether the poem did not suffer a severe injury by the omission of the last four stanzas. Only the first two were ever printed, but fortunately the others were preserved in the note book in which they were originally written.

Again, the poem at pages 56-59, wherein Stevenson commemorates his appearance and discomfort while wearing a respirator with a hideous “snout” for the inhalation of pine oil, although not to be regarded as a thing of idyllic beauty, is as characteristic of Stevenson as anything he ever wrote. He laments—

For ladies’ love I once was fit,
But now am rather out of it.

.
And nothing can befall—O damn!
To make me uglier than I am.

While it is doubtful if one literary critic in a hundred would recommend the piece for its poetic qualities, yet many a Stevenson enthusiast will welcome its rescue from the discard.

Among other unused verses which have a peculiarly personal interest—because in writing them Stevenson almost certainly drew upon his recollections of a healthless childhood—are those about the lollipops, written for his *Penny Whistles*, where he says:—

I wish I had the lollypops
From all the apothecary's shops;
They only give me one a day
To take the nasty taste away.
How can they leave the sweets about
And give their nasty medicines out?

Stevenson had great difficulty in deciding what to call his collection of poems for children (now known as *A Child's Garden of Verses*), and although he had still greater difficulty in getting it published, it eventually contributed much to his fame. In a letter to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham, dated February 1883, he says: "I have just seen that the book in question must be dedicated to ALISON CUNNINGHAM, the only person who will really understand it. . . . This little book, which is all about my childhood, should indeed go to no other person than you, who did so much to make that childhood happy."¹

The next month he wrote to W. E. Henley: "I am going to dedicate 'em to Cummy; it will please her, and lighten my burthen of

¹ It is doubtful if many readers realize that this now world-renowned little book is almost wholly autobiographical.

ingratitude. A low affair is the Muse business!

“O, I forgot.—As for the title, I think *Nursery Verses* the best. Poetry is not the strong point of the text, and I shrink from any title that might seem to claim that quality; otherwise we might have *Nursery Muses*, or *Songs of Innocence* (but that were a blasphemy), or *Rymes of Innocence*—the last not bad—or—an idea—*The Jews' Harp*, or—now I have it,—*The Penny Whistle*. . . . THE PENNY WHISTLE is the name for me.

“Fool! this is all wrong,—here is the true name:—

PENNY WHISTLES
FOR SMALL WHISTLERS

“The second title is queried; it is perhaps better as simply PENNY WHISTLES.”

The book finally went to print as *Penny Whistles*, but when the proofsheets came out, Stevenson disapproved of the name, and for various reasons the publication was delayed. The next year, after *Treasure Island* had brought him into popular repute as a writer, the projected *Penny Whistles* volume came

out under the title of *A Child's Garden of Verses*. It is said that only two copies of the little *Penny Whistles* book are now known to be in existence.

It should be borne in mind that much of the inedited matter shown in these facsimiles was written before Stevenson achieved renown, and this may have been a determining factor with the author, as well as with contemporary advisers, editors and publishers, in judging the quality of the rejected pieces. Many of these appear among the manuscripts written for *Penny Whistles* (afterwards *A Child's Garden of Verses*), concerning which Stevenson wrote as follows to his friend and literary counsellor, Sir Sidney Colvin,—“If you don't like ‘A Good Boy,’ I do . . . I will delete some of those condemned, but not all.”

H. H. H.

STEVENSON'S WORKSHOP

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM P. TRENT

Readers in these days of well nigh universal education seem to be as numerous as the leaves of trees, and, as with leaves, no two are exactly alike. They may be roughly classified, however, and of the many categories into which they fall, two stand out, even upon the most superficial observation. Some readers are concerned mainly with the incontinent enjoyment or utilization of what a book gives them, tearing the heart out of it, as certain famous public characters have been known to do. These are very tigers in their reading. Other readers suggest more peaceful animals, especially such as merely browse and graze. Their enjoyment may be not a whit less genuine, and their utilization may often be more beneficial both to themselves and to others, but they are far less

swift, flashing, compulsive in their processes. Their likes and dislikes are less marked, their enthusiasms and their aversions less contagious.

These two classes shade, of course, into each other, and the same person may belong to the first class in respect to one line of reading, and to the second in respect to another line. But it is scarcely a rash generalization to affirm that collectors of first editions, students who enjoy tracing the evolution of a masterpiece from an imperfect manuscript draft to the printed pages of the writer's final authoritative version, connoisseurs of illustration and binding—in short, bibliophiles of most sorts—have no close relationship with the tiger class of readers. We may forbear to insist upon their resemblance to cattle chewing the cud, but we shall run little risk in averring that they are more domesticated than the springing and rending denizens of the jungle.

It is clearly to the less predacious reader that the present volume, which is designed to give a glimpse into Stevenson's workshop, will make its main appeal. No such import-

ance attaches to it as belongs to the collection of the facsimiles of the manuscripts of Milton's early poems preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, yet where, in the absence of the manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays and poems, can such priceless documents as those from Milton's pen be found? It is not fair to bring into comparison with what we have to offer such a treasure of superlative worth as Milton's draft of "Lycidas." That would scarcely be eclipsed in glory if some fortunate excavator were to recover for us that "One precious tender-hearted scroll of pure Simonides" for which Wordsworth longed. But it is fair to ask who among modern writers has awakened more widespread interest in the phases of his personality and the evolution of his genius than Robert Louis Stevenson. To the better understanding of those phases and of that evolution the facsimiles here gathered and for the first time presented will make, it is believed, a contribution of definite value, and in this belief we may now begin to scrutinize them after two points have been briefly emphasized.

The hasty reader, whether or not he be-

long to the tiger class, will do well to remember that in an author's erasures, hesitations, and afterthoughts, as exhibited in the first drafts of his writings, not only may the curious take legitimate interest and pleasure, but the thoughtful may find a point of view from which to obtain a better insight into the significance of the published work. If that work be of classic excellence, the possession of the original manuscript, apart entirely from sentiment and financial value, may be of very great benefit both to students and to readers. Then, too, for the literary neophyte at the outset of his career there is often profit to be derived from a close study of the work of some great forerunner in its making. The taste of a portion of the lettered world, therefore, for such relics of great authors as we here present is much more than a mere indication of sentimentalism; it is a taste born of knowledge and experience.

Of the twenty-nine facsimiles given in this volume, the greater part of which are taken from a note book¹ used by Stevenson through

¹ It is distinguished by a slip of paper marked "R. L. S.—C," pasted on the front cover.

and the children are standing in a row

I can do this, has, has

the little birds are running in and out

has just has was

can't give

For they don't know where they ought to go

thus they have a day, to lie about and and play

A tiny sand the bubbles in the pool.

A boat

will be a sailboat or would be a sweep,

Rose would be a butter to eat the sugar -

Will would be a soldier, with the

And he himself a morday so finely at the head.



We built a ship upon the stairs,

All made of the back-beckum chains,

and ~~had~~ the hill of

The basket it with sofa pillows;

I ^{was} sailing in the billows.

And Tom said let us also take

him along for holdays and days, His apple and bill and church

And had the very best of plays,

But Tom fell out and burst his knee

So there was no one left but me

We had a plate of breakfast gruel, but took a bit of my father's

Cold ball an ounce of sugar plums, and water in the running pools;

Much was enjoy but Tom and me,

To a sitting on till tea.

a number of years, more than a third have to do with what is undoubtedly the best known and most cherished part of his poetry, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Facsimile No. 1 shows a draft of the famous stanzas entitled "A Good Play," which begin with the lines—

We built a ship upon the stairs,
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,

and constitute the thirteenth poem in *A Child's Garden*. The variations between the poem as we read it today and the form it took in *Penny Whistles* (No. 15), the extremely scarce forerunner of *A Child's Garden*, are but trifling, if we may judge from the statement made in the superb catalogue of the Harry Elkins Widener Collection of Stevensoniana; but here we have several interesting particulars brought to light.

We loaded it with sofa pillows,
as line three originally stood, was happily changed, perhaps speedily, to the present version—

And filled it full of sofa pillows.

What is now the third and last division of the short poem was at first made the second stanza of three, all of which, as is not the case at present, were intended to consist of four lines each. The last of the original stanzas together with the five lines written to the side of the original draft of the poem, finish out, with some eliminations, the second division of the verses as we now have them, and one cannot but conclude that Stevenson became eventually as skilful an artificer of his poem as the two children were of their ship. We are perhaps sorry to have the young mariners go without their “plate of breakfast crumbs,” to say nothing of “half an ounce of sugar plums,” but “papa” must have been glad that they did not take his hat.

The other verses in facsimile No. 1 are not specially important, but some readers may wish that Stevenson had finished the line dealing with Will, the would-be soldier. Doubtless “keep” would have been used as a rhyme for “sweep,” but whether “step,” or “line,” or something else would have been preserved in orderly fashion, must remain a pleasant mystery.—

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and after
at sea
of us went in the meadows by the streams,
they were alone in the basket for the clothes washed on the beach.
do we in the air, blushing in the Spring.
Waves here are the ^{as} great little waves there are at sea
are we as a ^{as} great a rising in the field,
~~and~~ and to the ones, for the pirate women;
When shall we adventure ^{today} that were off? the basket is the bough
while the water and stars
This shall be the compass for a bearing by a star;
Shall we go to India ^{the basket} a steering of the boat.
To Pandore or ^{Puglaga} ~~oppo~~ and to Malabar?
Is the ~~High~~ ^{equator} but here's a ~~rain~~ a rising in the field sea.
Cattle in the meadows are a changing with a war;
A wild, and well escape - they're as bad as they can be.
The basket is the bough and the garden is the shore.
I saw the river ^{simple} flowing by,
Holding its face up to the sky;
The dusty roads go up and down,
With ~~goes~~ tramping in to town.
I saw the road go up and down
Crossing the hills and the ground
Holding a root under snow
The garden set in a ~~scattered~~ flowers,
2 new doors
I saw the ~~old~~ ^{old} garden lie
about the house ^{old} and the trees
Wally dissolved before my eyes,
And my other places more
Not I had never seen before.

Jim would be a sailor, and Tom would be a sweep,
Rose would be a baker, to eat the sugar bread;
But Will would be a soldier, with the [*men in line to keep*],
And he himself a-marching so finely at the head.

Facsimile No. 2 gives us drafts of two poems that appear in *A Child's Garden* (No. 7, "Pirate Story," which is *Penny Whistles* No. 8; and No. 8, "Foreign Lands," which is *Penny Whistles* No. 9). The destinations of the young adventurers of the first poem read in our draft—

Shall it be to India a-steering of the boat,
To Providence or Malaga, or off to Malabar?

The second line, except for punctuation, reads in *Penny Whistles* as it does here; but in the first edition of *A Child's Garden*, Stevenson—whether to get rid of the repetition "Mala," or for some other reason—made the line read—

To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar.

Between writing the present draft and printing in *Penny Whistles* and later *A*

Child's Garden, he doubtless discovered for himself, or else was told by some friend, that Malabar is to be found on the map of India, and he proceeded to substitute “Africa” for “India,” to the distinct advantage of his poem. The close reader of the facsimile will observe other variations, and will probably conclude that Stevenson’s changes were clearly for the better.

This conclusion appears to hold for the alterations to be found in “Foreign Lands,” but it is permissible to wonder whether the lines in *Penny Whistles* and *A Child's Garden* which run—

To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

charming though they be, are not somewhat more sophisticated and less in character than those Stevenson wrote in the present draft,—

Till I at last should catch a glance
Of vessels sailing off to France.

A similar query applies, although perhaps less pertinently, to the lines of the *Child's Garden* version running—

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass,

which here and in *Penny Whistles* appear
as—

I saw the river dimple by,
Holding its face up to the sky.

On turning, however, to facsimile No. 3, we perceive that Stevenson did not finish “Foreign Lands” on Number 2. He repeated the first two lines of stanza four, as we have the poem, then wrote two other lines which he forgot to cross out, then two lines which he did cross out, then went along for eight lines, the last four constituting, with some variations, the fifth and last stanza of the poem as it now stands; the four preceding forming a charming passage, the first line of which may be, as we have seen, sophisticated, but can scarcely be held to lessen the beauty of the whole.—

To where the grown-up river slips
Along between the anchored ships,
And lastly, between harbor walls,
Into the bright Atlantic falls.

If these four lines do not bear strong testimony to Stevenson's mastery of cadence, the present editor's ear is greatly at fault.

The remaining portions of facsimile No. 3 throw light on the methods Stevenson used for securing rhymes, and exhibit a fragmentary draft of a sprightly play poem, which, had he persevered, might have been fashioned into something good.—

Bring out the dolls, bring out the blocks,
· Bring out the horse and dray,
And let us in our oldest frocks,
At once proceed to play.

More important, however, is the fact that it gives us, in connection with facsimile No. 4, an interesting draft of “Windy Nights” (No. 10 of *Penny Whistles* and No. 9 of *A Child’s Garden*), which exhibits significant variations from the printed text, and furnishes no less than four entirely new stanzas. It is difficult to understand why these important stanzas were omitted, as the poem may be regarded by most readers as incomplete without them. From the two sheets

day fire
hay, stay bay, bay
may, pay, may do,
Let us get all the playthings out
and have a splendid play day.
Get out the dolls, get out the chairs,
Bring out the dolls, bring out the blinds
I must find a high tree
where the winds, and rain them
Fare him to city, money, mire.
The figure, between broken walls
he to take the golden falls...
To when the sun rises
And lastly between broken walls
With the bright, at the ice falls
To where the winds from either hand
Lead forth, into the fair land
These little children dive at first
And all the playthings come alone
The leader soldiers bring,
Pay stay so bring a nice agree
For broken in rain, stand he rain,
With ready, when as with let us be
Let us have a day, already passing by
Let us out and agree.
f u u / u u / u - lines
/ u u / u u / u - cattle
Sail in the night when the ~~is~~ are
They days to golden and golden about
ships in both sides
With child. When is he riding at night
At the camp, hollies with a boy riding besides
Prayer. Hard, as the ender fall is the go
To the ring off him as he
The darkan.
Puglister.
had a boy
He Dismantle
at night line



sun and stars are set
When the night is over it is dark and wet
And they do the night

back, wherein the wind is high By all the gates of he goes and the

Bramble goes picking berries.

Where the trees are fallen where the streams ^{are} dry
And Blips are smiting at sea,
Now on the high ground and land.

day
day, stay
may, pay, may
~~Let us get all the playthings out~~
and have a splendid day

and all the playthings come alone.
Bring out the dolls, bring out the birds
Bring out the horses and dogs
The soldiers have arrayed,
And let us in our oldest parks,
at once forced to play.

Bring the leader ^{tanker} soldiers bring,

I could find a higher tree ^{say stay} so ^{sign a piece agree}
Fathers and brothers I should see,

last on a tree stand ^{sign a piece agree}
let us not ^{sign a piece agree}.

To where the winds ^{and rain there}

Fan him to dry ^{sign a piece agree}

The trees between higher walls

Not to take put all the ticks

but grow up

To where the river ships

Say, between the anchored ships, with the sea among the ships.

And lastly between higher walls

With the bright albesine falls

to where the winds from either hand

Lead forth into the foamy land

These little children die at fire

And all the playthings come alone.



sun and stars are set

When the night is over the is dark and wet

Wind by the sea night

Look wherein the wind is high By at the gallop he goes and the

All night long in dark and wet. By the sea at the gallop in

A man goes riding dry

When the trees ~~are fallen down~~ when the ^{tree} ~~are~~ rising about
and ships are sailing at sea;
Buy me the big strong bows and broad

has he come to the land of heat
and colour before the heat? -
upping eyes and all night long.

upping stills, where the wind is strong - Will day. Beside the water, for the
sun and where much who a song the singer? And forward ever singing
Who said who can the heat? -
up, So Nicholas to and for
To fly implements the sun,
is up, and riding as hard as he can.

Bumping & drum to a great little engine. ~~With the water tanks~~ and many others.
And all the people of the trees

up the hills, in stay knots,
my reefs and bows are.
Beside the water tanks,

crossing of checked eyes. The tank is large, it follows with much
and starts out of the trees.

Such as, sun, flowers, the sun
in this upon the seas.

I should not say, but when
we are faced the sun, we are faced in the sun.

To sleeping in the sun.

I should like to rise and go
and under on my feet
When all the golden apples gold
And they are nice to eat.

Will day. Beside the water, for the
and heat, the broken day.
And here the willow, and the willow,
And here the willow, and the willow.

There here's my tree who

Will day. Beside the water,
the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun.

Will day. Beside the water,
This was a new, pleasant day.

The sun, the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun,

the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun.

the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun.

the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun.

the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun.

the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun.

the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun,
the sun, the sun, the sun, the sun.



is he riding at night as late
as he ride so hard
and he come when the wind is great
and gallop before the blast? -

tripping over and all night long,

tripping still, when the wind is strong.
Who and where and where can he ride to?

Who and who can be he?

maybe St Nicholas to and fro

To my my friends ^{far} home,

riding and riding as hard as he can.

Bringing a drum to a quiet little town. At the first morning light

and all the squalls of the trees

if in the hills, in stay knots,

Very huffs and liars are.

down beside the water knots,

birds sing of speckled eggs the birds sing.

and nests among the trees

birds sing of poppet things

I & others up the seas.

^{with} the children sing a hymn,

anyon ~~said~~ the argument, the children sing in Spain,

No singing in the rain.

O I should like to rise and go
And wander on my feet
Where all the golden apples grow
And they are nice to eat.

All down beside the water knots,
and past the bottom bay.
And ~~and~~ down and goes,
And ⁱⁿ the hills, in stay knots,
When birds and trees are

blue hats headants, if you'll see.

This was a very pleasant day.

Her name and I went out to play,

^{but} All the trees, with and
dotted confid lens on the ground

All the winds, as soft as soft

^{but} blue leaves

^{but} singing through the east).



we are now able to give the first printed edition of the whole original poem as follows:—

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,

 Whenever the wind is high,

All night long in dark and wet

 A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,

Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,

 And ships are sinking at sea,

By, on the highway, low and loud,

 By at the gallop goes he.

By at the gallop he goes, and then

By he comes back at the gallop again.

Where is he riding at night so late,

 With nobody riding besides?

Hark, as the cinders fall in the grate,

 To the ring of his spurs as he rides.

Where is he riding at night so late,—

 Why does he ride so fast?

Why does he come when the wind is great

 And gallop before the blast?

Galloping ever and all night long,
Galloping still when the wind is strong,—
Where and where and where can he go?
Who and who can he be?

Maybe St. Nicholas, to and fro,
To buy my presents for me—
Riding and riding as hard as he can,
Bringing a drum to a good little man.

To the side of the final verses of “Foreign Lands” on facsimile No. 3 and immediately above the opening stanzas of “Windy Nights,” Stevenson wrote what appear to be the titles of eight contemplated poems, two of which titles he eliminated. Of the remaining six “The Lamplighter” seems to have come into existence as No. 40 of *Penny Whistles* and No. 30 of *A Child’s Garden*. “Wind at Night” is doubtless but another title for “Windy Nights,” with regard to which one may remark that Stevenson seems always to have been singularly sensitive to the effects produced by the wind, and that galloping at night-time exercised a fascinating influence on his imagination. Another title, “Sick Child,”¹ probably became

¹ There is a poem in the first book of *Underwoods* (No. 26)

later “The Land of Counterpane” (No. 18 of *Penny Whistles* and No. 16 of *A Child’s Garden*).

Facsimile No. 4 shows at the side of the concluding stanzas of “Windy Nights” two quatrains which appeared later in *Penny Whistles* (No. 11), but of which only the first and third lines seem to have been used, with slight changes, in *A Child’s Garden* to usher in the tenth poem, the verses entitled “Travel.” Since the present draft varies from the *Penny Whistles* version as reproduced in the Widener Catalogue, it may be well to print the stanzas as they appear in the facsimile:—

O I should like to rise and go
And wander on my feet,
Where all the golden apples grow
And things are nice to eat.

All down beside the water brooks,
And past the harbour bar,
And o’er the hills, in story books,
Where bears and lions are.

entitled “The Sick Child.”— See also the Bibliophile edition of 1916, II, 146-148 — but it is very doubtful whether Stevenson had this in mind when he was jotting down these titles.

Probably Stevenson intended to make a separate poem of the couplets written immediately below these quatrains, but he appears to have left them unutilized. The following lines are quotable:—

All the trees that stood around
Dropped crumpled leaves upon the ground;
All the winds, so soft and sweet,
Kept chasing leaves away to eat;¹
And all the squirrels up the trees
Were eating beechnuts, if you please.

Finally, facsimile No. 4 gives us a draft of “Singing” (No. 12 of *Penny Whistles* and No. 11 of *A Child’s Garden*). Perhaps the variations, although slight, justify the printing of the two stanzas:—

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailors sing of ropes and things
And ships upon the seas.
The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain,
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

¹ The reader will observe that occasionally a little punctuation has been introduced.

The world is so great and I am so small
I do not like it at all at all.

My dear Father must buy the cattle.

The currents are for Grace,

My dear Mann, for my dear sake

Shall cut it ^{up} piecely piecely

... I was dim beside the sea,

wouldn't spend they gone to me.

To dig the sandy shore,
the men empty little up
every hole the sea came up,

Till it could come no more

At a writing all alone, by myself -

All were in the trees, and in the trees

of the units are true in the shelf

And the rest bunched eaten by me

winter I get up at night

winter & get up at night waiting to bed + see the stars it is not seen banding
and doors yellow candle light; the birds still flying out since when all the sky is clear

- dinner, quite the other way,

have to go to bed by day. Silling past me in the tree. To him to go back to go to bed by day.

When big and strong and wise I grow,

I gather my hands will go
And pleasant days I shall see
With leaves growing on the tree

Lions and tigers, dogs and bears
And butterflies which along with these.

I shut my eyes for all are shy,
Still in my bed I seem to say /
Never the same.

The fifth is one of the most interesting of all the facsimiles. Optimists will undoubtedly prefer "Happy Thought" (No. 30 of *Penny Whistles* and No. 24 of *A Child's Garden*) which runs—

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings
to the couplet at the head of the facsimile
page—

The world is so great and I am so small,
I do not like it at all, at all—

but psychologists and unsentimental readers may wonder whether the latter expression of child self-consciousness is not more realistic than the exuberance displayed in the more widely known verses.¹

The quatrain which follows in the manuscript needs no comment, and this is measur-

¹ Readers of Sir Graham Balfour's biography of Stevenson may recall that the biographer quotes this earlier couplet in a footnote (London, 1901, I, 34), and connects it with "the sense of disproportion" which sometimes haunted Stevenson in his youth. The later version, "Happy Thought," is for Sir Graham Balfour "brave and characteristic;" for Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton it seems to be something much more wonderful. (See, J. A. Hammerton's "Stevensoniana," Edinburgh, 1910, p. 150.)

ably true of the draft of “At the Sea-Side” (No. 3 of both *Penny Whistles* and *A Child’s Garden*). In the seaside verses, as usually printed, a period is placed after “cup” in the fourth line. Since Stevenson used no punctuation here, some readers may feel that the lines would be improved by substituting a semicolon, or possibly a comma.

The next quatrain, though negligible, may serve to remind us of the opening line of “My Treasures” (No. 5 of “The Child Alone”). The version of the famous and admirable “Bed in Summer” (No. 1 of both *Penny Whistles* and *A Child’s Garden*) shows, not only that Stevenson first wrote “older” for the better “grown-up,” but also that he added in the present draft what seem to be two entire new stanzas and the beginning of a third.—

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight;
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,

Or hear the older people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

When big and strong and wise I grow
I forth to foreign lands will go;
And pleasant places I shall see,
With berries growing on the tree.

Lions and tigers, dogs and trees,
And bullpups march along with these;
I shut my eyes for all are shy,
Still in my bed I seem to lie;

Yet as the crowd

That the poet was well advised in retaining only the three published stanzas of the verses is a judgment which will be disputed by but few readers, although most Stevensonians will doubtless welcome the opportunity to read the other two.

It is not certain whether in the eighteenth line Stevenson intended to write “bullpups” or “bullfrogs,” but since the pup would be likely to have an advantage over his am-

phibious neighbor in keeping step with the procession, we have given him the preference. The initial letter of the second syllable certainly resembles Stevenson's "f," but on the other hand, the final letters seem unquestionably to be his characteristic "ps." It is barely possible that the last letter is "p" instead of "ps," and that the youthful versifier may have had a special "pup" in mind whom he excluded from the category of common "dogs."

A draft of the poem, "The Land of Counterpane," which appears on facsimile No. 6, exhibits interesting variations from the printed text. The tray upon the knees seems finally to have been dispensed with, as well as the idea of making the "country all complete." In addition we seem to be justified in inferring that the excellent concluding stanza of the printed versions, beginning "I was the giant great and still," was an afterthought. The original version in our draft runs as follows:—

When I was ill and lay in bed
I had two pillows at my head;

~~The long man~~

(in a what course)

We all lie down a bit

When I am sleeping bed I - some good rest.

12 miles at my head:

is many tops

the god beside relay

is ship, all the day.

is a matroy

and then comes now by us

and then out and out

and my brother within so.

a diff't import & drills.

the bedsties, they the hills.

so sometimes sent my ships in flats Fan) neon to grow as little as the doll, at the helm

and turn across the sheets;

and the doll I intend to come alone.

lay in my trees and houses out

and with her kind to come

but stills sailing, a sailing I shall go

whether the rocks will stand and the pine trees few

and them here and there about, and go another day off after the calm

it's relay, and, and

And the vessel goes a diry-dine-dine.

and

all well, when I'm going to the end down below

the

God the father, son in the tree. O Father will see me sailing through the ashes of the sun

and pull him the water a part of the sun

as I send the goods into the earth and before

the to land on the island, when there we must

modestly we

and to for the day common in the tree

And all my toys beside me lay
[*Upon my knees and in a tray*]
To keep me happy all the day.
Sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
[*I placed my soldiers row by row*
And then I sat and watched] ¹
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills,
And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down across the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out
And set them here and there about
To make a country all complete.

This poem, we thought, was possibly anticipated on facsimile No. 3 by the jotted title “Sick Child.” Perhaps another of those jotted titles, “Apothecary’s bottles,” was a forecast of the unpublished quatrain found at one side of the top of facsimile No. 6:—

In all the tidy chemists’ shops
They have things full of lollipops.

¹ This incomplete, but not stricken out, couplet which would doubtless have ended with “them go,” was written, as the facsimile will show, to the side and partly over the line “Sometimes for an hour or so.”

How can they leave the sweets about
And give their¹ nasty medicines out?

When it is recalled that much of Stevenson's childhood was spent in illness, it will not seem strange that "chemist's shops," "nasty medicines" and the "lollipops" made an abiding impression upon his mind. In another place (on facsimile No. 17) the thought of the foregoing lines is expressed in another form:—

I wish I had the lollipops
From all the apothecary's shops;
They only give me one a day
To take the nasty taste away.

Neither of these versions would have disgraced *A Child's Garden*, but Stevenson was perhaps right in discarding them. Whether, if he had continued the poem begun with a reference to the candle light and the organ man, we should have had another child's classic must remain in doubt; but it is plain that

¹ As the reader will perceive from the facsimile, Stevenson was not clear as to the propriety of inserting this word. It makes the line too long, therefore we have omitted the second word "then," as he would perhaps have done in retaining the word he inserted between the lines.

Dedicated to
to R. + R. Clarke painter
without permission
by the painter. A

S. L. Astrom

Duns, Giaan

1881

and most, not suffice that a child is a fool
For
I have been thinking you long.
man child is no better you going to school
~~but a child is no better person than a child~~
and the old people all in the wrong.

~~I'm going to have battles I know~~

It is so very nice to stand
The world is full meat & drink
With little children saying grace,
In every Christian kind of place.



night long and every night
soon as moon sets out the light

I see the people weeping
As plain as day before my eye
Kings and emperors and kings
All carrying different kinds of悲哀
And running in as strange a way
I never saw the like by day.

always say what's true
A child should do his best to go
and speak when he is spoken to;
and behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.
Papa is away to the fire &c.
He has given back to the school
some Oster and sit in the corner with
And pretended to be hunting a bull

The rain is going all around;
It falls on field and tree.
The vehicles go
Taxis upon the gray ground
And out on ships at sea.
In all the words are full of pain,
Both in and out of town;
And children sit beside the pie
And bear it other down.

At first they move a little slow.
But still the faster on they go
And still beside them slow I keep
We reach the town
Until they pass the gates of sleep

Sofia a show was never seen
at the great circus on the green

he thought enough of the stanzas that finish out the sheet to preserve them, with some changes, for "The Child Alone," where they are entitled "My Ship and I."

Facsimile No. 7 contains, besides the play dedication dated Davos, 1881, four drafts of poems later included in *Penny Whistles* and *A Child's Garden*, a quatrain included in *Penny Whistles*, but not in *A Child's Garden*, and another quatrain, apparently unpublished.

The draft of "A Thought" (No. 2 of both *Penny Whistles* and *A Child's Garden*) corresponds with the version given in the former as is indicated by the facsimile to be found in the Widener Catalogue. That authority (p. 87) states that the versions of *Penny Whistles* and of the first edition of *A Child's Garden* agree. We are therefore left wondering why some editions of Stevenson's poems leave out the "so" of the first line —

It is so very nice to think.

The draft of "Young Night Thought" (No. 4 of both *Penny Whistles* and *A Child's Garden*) omits the closing couplet of the

third stanza, if we may judge from this single sheet of facsimiles. This couplet runs in *Penny Whistles*—

Though I'm so sleepy, yet I find
That I can never stay behind.

In *A Child's Garden* it is bettered to—

For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

The other features of the present draft distinguishing it from the printed versions may be easily determined, and seem to need no comment.—

All night long, and every night,
As soon as mama puts out the light,
I see the people marching by
As plain as day before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so strange a way
I never saw the like by day.
So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,

And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of sleep.¹

The draft of “The Whole Duty of Children” (No. 5 of both *Penny Whistles* and *A Child’s Garden*) shows that Stevenson at first began with the line—

A child should do his best to grow—
and then improved it to the present form—
A child should always say what’s true.

The punctuation of our manuscript draft that follows may seem better than that of the printed version:—

A child should always say what’s true
And speak when he is spoken to;
And behave mannerly at table,
At least as far as he is able.

The draft of “Rain” (No. 7 of *Penny*

¹ It is needless to call attention to the fact that some punctuation has been introduced, but it is not needless to say that the statement that Stevenson omitted the closing couplet of the third stanza is an assumption. He may not have intended at first to divide his couplets into stanzas, although the presence of a short line between the first and second stanzas and at the top of the final stanza, as these are printed, seems to indicate that from the beginning he had a stanzaic division in mind.

Whistles and No. 6 of *A Child's Garden*) shows that Stevenson first wrote "tower" for "field," and that he originally intended "the grassy ground" to rhyme with "around." The reader will note other variations, and may determine the punctuation for himself:—

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree;
It rains upon the umbrellas here,
And out on ships at sea.

Some may feel that this draft, although it is less smooth than the printed text, does not really suffer on that account. Others may feel that the point raised is as undeterminable as it is unimportant. Not so unimportant is the question whether Stevenson, despite the short line drawn between the stanzas, meant at first to give "Rain" two stanzas, the second running as follows:—

Now all the roads are full of mire,
Both in and out of town,
And children sit beside the fire
And hear it patter down.

The fact that the first and third lines

rhyme just as the same lines were originally intended to do in the first stanza, and the farther fact that the short line, or dash, might have been drawn between the stanzas after Stevenson determined to alter and keep only the first of the two seem to give ground for the assumption that the poem at the beginning consisted of two stanzas. If this be so, one is led to inquire why the second was omitted from the printed editions. Perhaps Stevenson found that it lacked the note of humor—to the adult mind, of course—present in the first.

The two remaining scraps of verse found on facsimile No. 7 need not long detain us. The quatrain,—

Papa is away to the office I see
And Johnnie has gone to the school;
Come, Peter, and sit in the corner with me,
And pretend to be hunting a bull

was used as No. 6 of *Penny Whistles* and was called “The Bull Hunt,”—the version given in the Widener Catalogue differing slightly from our draft. Then Stevenson discarded the verses when he issued *A Child’s Garden*.

As we shall see later, he seems to have liked the names of John and Peter.

Whether he was wise in not finishing the other set of verses on the upper left-hand side or, at least, in not using the first four lines in his printed collections, is a question which may divide readers. The lines run:—

You must not suppose that a child is a fool,
For¹ I have been thinking for long
That a man is no better for going to school
And the old people all in the wrong.

Facsimiles 8 and 9 go naturally together. The draft of “The Land of Nod,” when compared with the versions of *Penny Whistles* (No. 19) and of *A Child’s Garden* (No. 17), is chiefly interesting as exhibiting Stevenson’s skill in changing what seems to have been the original order of his stanzas. The draft, omitting the changes, runs:—

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of nod.

¹ It looks as if Stevenson first wrote “Hence.”

in health all day long.
This thing one time for me
have among my friends I stay
it every night I go abroad
in with the hand of work.

right I find the way
long is walking land and long
the air is strong clear;

him and Peter about with me

and boys and girls come here by all alone, he to

him and Peter about stand,

Not my dangers, don't you know -

All alone beside the streams
and up the mountain sides of streams.

and we elated not together all the day

A jolly, jolly time we had of play.

in a little stream that goes in instant with me.

that can be the use of it more than I can see

is fed exactly like me for the heels up to the head

him and I run at jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

stop His a mud, you can see
sticks or else beside me you can see that his afraid

out and take a run you little fool, to old fool, I said.

at once, the

I think alone to stalk to music as that stream sticks to me.

I havent got a notion of how children ought to play.

and only make a fool game in every kind of way.

Till morning in the land of work.

Try as I like to find the way
I never can get there by day,
you can remember plain and clear
the aims music that I hear!



ning. Very early and before the sun was up.

we and find the shiny deer in my litter cup.

do you know in my shadow, ^{like an} don't sleepy-head

sleep at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,

at all like poor children, which is always very slow;

he sometimes jumps up taller like an india rubber ball,

and he sometimes gets so little that this none of him at all.

H! since you came back again, behind the leodan.

For that's the place I mean to travel, where all the tigers are

The day goes by and you can hear the ~~water~~ call cry
The little birds are silent and when the tree tops bright.

At last the golden sun begins to go behind the wood.

Another day is over and I know that I've been good.

For I was happy in the sun I had a happy day play.

I have the even shadows as I loved them old days in.

And my cousin has promised me the ~~water~~ of a gun.

I found little pebbles on the beach below the pine trees

And send the tale of ~~the sun~~ and the palms ~~in~~ numbers.

And climbed the sandy mountain ~~in~~ the pines to my knees.

So bid you along the shadows I am returning home to bed.

And then the all is over

And when I'm and my evening finger is scared

I shall lie on the pleasant sheets and close my happy eyes.

(And won't each time has to call me big surprise)

Curious things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see;
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get there by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

And all alone I have to go*—
It's very dangerous, don't you know —
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The cancelled lines at the left, which again bring in John and Peter, together with the apparently companion couplet, are not greatly missed from *Penny Whistles* and *A Child's Garden*. The draft of the poem "My Shadow" (No. 20 of *Penny Whistles* and No. 18 of *A Child's Garden*), like the draft of "The Land of Nod," is interesting in the

* It is not clear whether the word "And," which precedes "All" in this line, belongs to this poem or to the one struck out at the side; but in all probability it should go in here, as it completes the line. In the same line the fifth word might be "love" instead of "have," but "have" seems to continue the mood of the preceding couplets, and it harmonizes with the line that follows.

light it throws on Stevenson's art of building up his poems,—not merely in its arrangement of stanzas, but also in its shifting of couplets.

The couplets that follow "My Shadow" on facsimile No. 9 are probably not to be taken as forming a single poem, since the first is separated from the others by a dash¹ and is to be found by itself, under the title, "The Hunt Interrupted," as No. 21 of *Penny Whistles*, where "I'm going to" takes the place of "I mean to:"—

Hi! nursie, you come back again, behind the
deodar,
For that's the place I mean to hunt, where all
the tigers are.

While probably well advised in printing this as four lines in *Penny Whistles*, Stevenson seems to have been better advised in dropping it entirely from *A Child's Garden*.

Whether he would not have done well to retain and perfect the remaining couplets is

¹ This may, however, have been an afterthought, and it will be observed that the facsimile seems to show a semicolon at the end of the second line. See G. Balfour's biography, 1901, I, page 41, note 1, for an interesting touch connected with this couplet.

a question we need spend no time over; but they are surely good enough to be printed here, although not new in their entirety, the second couplet having served as a basis for the second couplet of “A Good Boy”¹ (No. 25 of *Penny Whistles* and No. 20 of *A Child’s Garden*).—

The children all go homeward—you can hear
the mothers cry,
The little birds are silent now upon the treetops
high.²
At last the golden sun begins to go behind the
wood,—
Another day is over, and I know that I’ve been
good.

I love the even shadow as I loved the noonday
sun,

¹ Of this poem, Stevenson wrote, in November 1883, to Mrs. Milne, the playmate of his childhood: “You were a capital fellow to play: how few there were who could! . . . See ‘A Good Boy’ in the *Penny Whistles*, much of the sentiment of which is taken direct from one evening at the Bridge of Allan, when we had a great play with the little Glasgow girl.”

² This couplet, it will be observed, has been apparently cancelled; and as a matter of fact the poem might begin with the next line; but, as it seems to divide itself into stanzas of four lines each, it is doubtless best to pay no attention to the cancellation.

And cousin Tom has painted me the picture of a
gun.
I pounded little pebbles on the beach below the
trees,
And climbed the sandy mountain in the nettles
to my knees.

So now along the shadows I'm returning home
to bed,
And then when all is over, and my evening pray-
er is said,
I'll lie among the pleasant sheets and close my
happy eyes,
And wait until time comes to call me by surprise.

Returning now for a moment to "My Sha-
dow" (facsimiles 8 and 9), we find that that
poem has left its trace in a line or two on
facsimile No. 18. This, which must be treat-
ed along with Numbers 16 and 17, since all
deal with Stevenson's famous respirator,
contains also other fragments that seem to
belong to *A Child's Garden*, at least, to have
been originally intended for it.—

This is the mill that makes the bread,
might, one fancies, have been worked into a

I am living - cold sea breeze blowing

Flame dries fit in the furnace

So many odd things in the field,

Wetly and streaky over all

Small world

What which should be is not ; but which is
seen first, so greatly should not be ; and all
From dawn to sunset and from mirth to ~~sorrows~~
Be, as appear, ~~all~~, ^{at least} but alone ;

Now I think we so, all this absence were the best,

Yet, O broken heart remember, O Remember,

All has not been evil from the start,

April came to blow ^{almost}, and no December

Lent its chilling tools upon the land or bent,

Life indeed doth this, and out of years ; a being

I had the flowery April ^{but truly} for a while,

Took his full of music, joy of thought and seeing,

Came and stayed, and went when even caused to smile

From the fangs ; but his, O his the undiminished,

The deepening gloom, made

Clouds. And now a down, and as when all

They will



Came and went, a dream ; and was where all in fruit
You alone had trod the melancholy stream.
From the young Authors, O ! in the undiminished
Wide cavity gloom, undisturbed dream.
All that life contains of ~~lattice~~^{lattice}, tile and treasure,
Sorrow, dishonor, death to him were but a name,
Here from ~~all~~ his youth he dwelt
~~and~~ Eve the day of same depicted as he came -
Here a youth he stayed nigh all the singing season.

He lived a while

Hear me again



With to these vales the blithe Birds came and made
As ~~at~~ ^{in the} those quiet valleys for awhile

The much the blitheness sings,

And ere the dinner, many a mile

Fair wagging, sing.

He knew not ; who should know ?

W.M.



satisfactory poem, and this is also true of the unused lines—

Across the road and past the dene
I know a meadow white and green.
So high the grass and daisies grow,
It must be where the fairies go.

The reader will find other fragments of verse on the crowded sheet, and he may be pleased with what almost constitutes an entire new poem:—

I rose before they told me to,
When all the lawn was thick with dew;¹
It was the very peep of day,
And night had hardly gone away.
The dew stood in the butter cup,—
Only the birds and me were up,—
All the trees stood very still,
Both round the house and on the hill,
And all the shadows lay so long —

Leaving now—not without regret—*A Child's Garden of Verses*, we come to the miscellaneous sheets of facsimiles. First in interest among these are Numbers 10 and 11,

¹ Stevenson appears to spell “dœ,” but he writes the word correctly later.

containing an early draft of “In Memoriam F. A. S.” (No. 27 of the first book of *Underwoods*), Stevenson’s famous and deeply moving elegy on the young son of Mrs. Sitwell, later Lady Colvin. The verses were written at Davos in 1881, and they are here reprinted, as nearly as possible as they stand in the facsimile, together with the final version of the poem as it appears in *Underwoods*. The reader will note that Stevenson seems to have begun to write in a somewhat Tennysonian blank verse, which was happily abandoned for rhyme.—

If that which should be is not; that which is,
Oh God, so greatly should not be; and all
From Dawn to sunset and from birth to grave
Be, or appear, Oh God, evil alone;
If that be so, then silence were the best;
Yet, O broken heart, remember, O Remember,
All has not been evil from the start.
April came to bloom at least, and no December
Laid its chilling frosts upon the head or heart.
Life indeed of months, and not of years; a being
Trod the flowery April blithely¹ for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,

¹ The MS. seems to spell *blythely*.

Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to
smile.

Came and went, a dream; and now when all is
finished,

You alone have trod the melancholy stream.

Yours the pang, but his, O his the undiminished,
Undecaying glory, undisturbed dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,
Shame, dishonour, ~~death~~, to him were but a
name.

Here for all his youth he dwelt—

Ere the day of sorrow, departed, as he came—

Here a youth he stayed through all the singing
season.

The following is the final version as it ap-
peared in *Underwoods*:—

IN MEMORIAM F. A. S.

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.

April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or
heart.

Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,

Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased
to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is
finished,

You alone have crossed the melancholy
stream;

Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished,
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a
name.

Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing
season

And ere the day of sorrow, departed as he
came.¹

Facsimile No. 12 contains a portion of
“Our Lady of the Snows” (No. 23 of *Under-
woods*). In the first line Stevenson seems
originally to have written “man” instead of
“men,” the present reading. In the second
line he substituted, in the printed version,
the weak

With agonizing folds of flesh

¹ For variations see the Widener Catalogue, page 44.

Poor forsaken man, still clothed afresh
In that wherein wee of flesh,
Whom the clear eyes solit still.

To some bold out-pot of the will;
When the ~~red~~^{wed} heart beating high,

Yet prompt to suffer and enjoy,
And like the soldiers drum; its sound
Reciting the passing round.

O little lots it thus to dwell
On the waste, unpeopled hill;

To bid the peace, to fed the bands
And in smoothable sounds
Draw out the useless lees of time;

Fair from virtue, fair from crime
O take up and doing, O

The fearing and the shamed, to go

In all on the upurr and the press
About my human heart my brother divers!

for the strong line in the present manuscript—

In that Nessus robe of flesh,

desiring perhaps to avoid a commonplace of mythology; or fearing that readers untrained in the classics might not recognize the Centaur whose blood proved mortal to his slayer, Hercules. Lines 5-8—

Whom the bold heart beating high,
Yet prompts to suffer and enjoy,
And like the soldier's drum, its sound
Recruits and calls the passions round

were omitted from the printed version, possibly not only to get rid of the antiquated rhyme, but also to avoid reminding readers of a famous ode by Collins. Lines 11-14 were likewise omitted, with the loss, it would seem, of two rather good, although not highly individual, verses:—

To hold the peace, to fold the hands,
And in unnoticeable sands
Drain out the useless lees of time,
Far from Nature, far from crime.

The substitution in line 18 of “About my

human" for "About my father's" both avoids a suggestion of the Scriptures, which might offend some readers, and imparts to the passage a true Stevensonian flavor.

Facsimile No. 13 affords little that requires comment. Stevenson apparently liked to make lists,—here one of proverbs which he may have intended to work into rhymes. The sheet also yields a new stanza the substance of which possesses value, whatever may be thought of the form:—

Plough land and lea, stubble and trees,
Nature's aid is silent for ever;
So one standing hears and sees
Men deducing and talking clever,
But cares no whit for them or these.

Facsimile No. 14 is important if, as seems plausible from the character of the initial verses and from the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," strung along down the right-hand margin, we may assume that the following uncouth poem was suggested by Stevenson's own stormy and somewhat unpromising youth in Edinburgh. So far as

Let sleeping dogs lie.
Handsome is that handsome does.

It is a long lane that has no turning
Early to bed and early to rise, &c.
A stitch in time saves nine.

Give ~~but~~ a gift here in the mouth,
Least said, soonest mended.

What I offer here will be ~~too~~ ^a pleasure, mendic.
Please ~~the~~ ^{an} everlasting pleasure,
Every time you ~~but~~ ^{will} see
Another kind of pleasure.

Never tire ~~if~~ ^{that} to take rest
You ~~but~~ ^{should} be inclining.

Walk out for this bower, fat
estate and soft reclining.

From high ~~an~~ serious questions,
This you still will find the best.

In ~~injor~~ your digestions;

Plough land + lea; stubble and trees.

Nature's aid is silent for ever;
No one standing still and bears and sees,

Men deducing and talking clever,
But cares not what for them or these.

in laughing I very much vote
Get us never offend to the church,
~~so~~ why do grave people agree,
To leave me alone in the lurch.
From any like a deplorable farm.
In anxiety ever I shone
Get no mercy Andrew was I
To be constantly flouted upon.
Get the high and grimacing ~~any~~ lands.
Off the church and the seats and
High, angry and sour ~~were~~ the words, hang.
With ~~why do~~ ^{the} ~~shame~~ ever been ~~cruel~~
But they treated ~~one~~ to from the first,
And yet though impudent now, him.
I was easily led at the first.
Look, my friend ^{15 on the card} ~~at you will see~~ le. appear
A babe forever squalling loud
And ~~from~~ ^{reg} shorn of any outer aid,
A ~~jew~~ ^{unmetted} in a plaid
The still its caterwauling
and ~~need to~~ ^{of} that baby's page
~~you all alone to calm its rage~~
In righty
also pale apprenticesage.

we know, it has never been printed elsewhere.—

For laughing I very much vote,
Yet was never opposed to the church;
So why do grave people agree
To leave me alone in the lurch?

From my birth¹ a desirable youth,
In amenity ever I shone,
Yet no merry andrew was I
To be carelessly flouted upon.

High, angry and sour are the words
With which I have ever been curst,
And yet though impenitent now,
I was easily led at the first.

The remainder of facsimile No. 14 is occupied by what seems to be a short independent poem, over which Stevenson worked with more assiduity than success. The somewhat bizarre subject might have yielded perhaps—when he was in happier vein—verses more worthy of his genius; but even so, it may be desirable to transcribe them:—

¹ Stevenson seems to have written “bih,” but he probably intended to write “birth.”

Look out, my friend, it's on the card,
A babe forever squalling hard
And shorn of any¹ outer aid,
A person mantled in a plaid
And bound to be that baby's page
In nightly pale apprenticeage.

Facsimile No. 15 represents the conclusion of a poem which is so confused in the arrangement of its lines that perhaps each reader will claim the privilege of constructing his own text. Its date is probably about 1881, as may be seen from the following bit of prose, which does not appear in the facsimile, but is transcribed from another nearby page of the original note book.—

“It is impossible to keep lines of rail, for any great distance, close along the side of a range of granite mountains. It is the more to be supposed that this ‘puma of the mountains,’ as it has been poetically called, acts directly on the locomotive engines, since the discovery by Mr. Browning that they hear

¹ The original seems to contain a superfluous stroke of the pen, and might be deciphered as “every” but for the very plain initial letter “a.”

She may anted mountain ^{rang} behind the way
And shift though all her jillans, but that steed

Is an black stable, fed with fire now
Five and twenty stolls you see

Four black stable near the sea.

Five and twenty stolls you see

But silent all night long we slept.)

(The sunneth / astles / evyn slept.)

Wanters tored, the shadow ground;

Five couls were scattered on the ground;

And silent heard as is a dream,

A mists red veis on land and sea,

In chimeras fed with fire.

We slept, and while we slept, we heard.

For hunting we, steeds off the day,

(the And shales off the mountains, bay

And as we harboured, as we slept, to hear,

See with my eyes

All we, the many day at rest

And in the darkness, in the night, we were

As land as ever can beise.

Day bring me news

Maine came at last; the morning sun is star-

Dance in the amber heaven's star.

Dear and the day abroad.

each other's screams across the night and tremble like wild animals. Read in a dream Thursday, May 12th/81."

Immediately below this passage follow, on page 40 of the note book, the lines beginning—

The still air sharpened to a blast,
as given below.

Stevenson thought enough of his engine-verses, if we may so denominate them, to enter them in a sort of index he kept on the *verso* of the front cover of his note book—or else, as seems unlikely, a later hand has done this. One naturally thinks of "Kubla Khan," and may, without suggesting any real rivalry with that, urge that Stevenson's couplets, even if their arrangement be difficult to determine, constitute one of the most truly imaginative poems he ever wrote:—

Earth's oldest veins our dam and sire,
Iron chimeras fed with fire

or

And in the darkness, far and nigh,
We heard our iron compeers cry

may be cited in support of this view. But the poem, chaotic and unpolished though it be, is better than any comments upon it. The first five lines are copied from the page in the note book immediately preceding the one here reproduced in facsimile :—

The still air sharpened to a blast,
The canyon thundered as we past ;
With roar and rattle, scream and clang
The many-anthed mountain rang ;
And plunging from the light of day,

The many-anthed mountain rang,
And shook through all her pillars, but that
stead

In our black stable near the sea
Five and twenty stalls you see,
Five and twenty strong are we.
The lanterns tossed the shadows round,
Live coals were scattered on the ground ;
The swarthy ostlers echoing stept,
But silent all night long we slept.
Inactive we, steeds of the day,
And shakers of the mountains lay,
Earth's eldest¹ veins our dam and sire,

¹ Query, “eldest?”

Iron chimaeras fed with fire.

[*We slept; and while we slept, we heard*¹]

And trembled as we slept to hear,

All we,² the unwearied lay at rest,

The sleepless lamp burned on our crest,

And in the darkness, far and nigh,

We heard our iron compeers cry.

Morn came at last; the morning star

Burned in the amber heavens afar;

Dew and the early day abroad.

Facsimiles 16, 17, and 18³ give us couplets intended to make a poem or poems “on wearing an inhaler with a snout.” Some of these lines were used in a letter written to Henley from Braemar in 1881, and we are informed by Sir Sidney Covlin that they were occasioned by the fact that “Stevenson’s uncle, Dr. George Balfour, had recommended him to wear a specially contrived and hideous respirator for the inhalation of pine-oil.” Some

¹ There is some doubt whether Stevenson meant to keep this line or not. In the latter case, a comma should probably replace the period after “fire.”

² This may possibly be “eve.”

³ Facsimiles 17 and 18 also contain material already treated under the discussion of the drafts of poems written for *A Child's Garden*.

persons may think the lines scarcely more comely than the instrument they celebrate, but, since the letter to Henley is printed in Stevenson's correspondence, it is probably well to give such readers as care for R. L. S. in his jocular moods a chance to peruse the original couplets from which a portion of that letter was derived, even if the language is sometimes more expressive than elegant.—

Sir, while we tread the paths of day
Still downward slopes the narrowing way,
And still, alas! on one and all,
Undue humiliations fall.¹

The speaking changes of my face,
And that well-known, insidious grace,
Cock of the eye, or strut of walk,
Or sweet, sequacious flow of talk,
And all that erst so well became
My youth, my talents and my name:
Must these, ere yet my prime be sped,
These, one and all, be buried
Beneath, O my revered Creator,

¹ Here Stevenson may have intended to interpolate the following lines, which appear in the right-hand margin:—

If oil of pines I now must breathe
Here all my arts let me bequeath,
My arts, my hopes,

Sir, while we tread the path of day
Still downward slopes the narrowing way,
Humiliation (and still alas! on me and all
Humble humiliations fall.)

If one of pines) ^{is} almost dead
The afearting changes of my face. Here all my arts let me be greater
And not well Penn, insidous grace My arts, my hopes.
Look'd the eye, an strut of walk, ^{and, supposing} ~~the~~ ^{flaw}
An talk. (~~the~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my system~~)
And all that end so well became,

My youth, my talents, and my man's
Must these ere yet my prime be sted
These ~~all~~, we'll be binded.

Beneath O my reverend creature,
Am Our mortal rest in atar?

Must I, alas! destined go
Among my friends, to and fro -
Among the ladies, in and out;
Blessed with an artificial count?

Whil'st Bottom attend'd, I don
The changing, wonder till ~~doe~~?

But (join'd with a ~~fine~~ ^{false}) face on,
Lucifer fallen, Must large gales, pine and bear?
~~Scapuladise~~, Angel deranglised, ~~and man appear?~~

ish I find the lolly-pops
all the ahs the cargo ships,
only give me one a day
tells the misery taste away.

With my pigs snout upon my face.
I'm white with fishy grace.
My gills cut-flapping right and left -
Bl. pin. syphex. I am bereft
of a great deal of charm by this -
Not quite the bull's eye from a kiss -
But little a grime of olden time
On topay in a pantomime.
Far ladies know I once was fit
But now am rather out of it.
Where I go ^{rested} the ~~forbade~~ cars
Snaf and my military spurs;
The children all active, in fits
And snare their bellows to fits.
Little I care: the world's been done,
We let the old impunished sun
Drop frozen from its slot - let
Fury and fire, cold, wind and wet
And cataclysm, mad reverses.
Rage stings the federate masses;

Let Lassin triumph, cakes and ale,
Whiskey and hork and claret, fruit,
Tobacco, love and letters perish,
And all that cultured manhood cherishes
You it may touch, not me: for I
^{small} am deep already - deep in hell
Two deep in grief already lie
And nothing can help me, O damn,
^{wake} To me one uglier than I am.

Time was when plethysmal disorders,
^{biggest} Blomed thick in the prætic borders;
Neves and hoarines together,
Shut outward from the winter weather
^{asthakan} From the Baltic Sea to the Atlantic
No malady was more romantic.
Time is: you gods, ^{also the day} behind the change
My Time is: the skillful ascent at
Beatis' air-nasal aspirator!
Breathes but the wind; aid at the end
Fate, your forces cut the ground;
The puffed down dissolves like windblown
And leaves you both deformed and stark.

lancine - give only three, I hope -

You then may think not me; I do.

A section of black telescope

Has subjoined also
Bath and one

In shape it after, though rather big,

The snout of the domestic pig;

Opening heads of dents, la

On either hand the ~~goat~~, still no names, - This is after

this

Values little minute piano keys hammers,

By an ~~and~~ association when
which is better epithet, from
a little river now nameless.

Go up and down with any breath

To make a section longer to death.

Such, the grass and flowers good, Then a noise made by a green
Hammer like when the fairies go

He could not no man, the weather

He was a fish

Let me begin; the garnish earth

an old stock that, will
stand with me,
He gets into bed at noon a good
man who

No longer for was my soul to multiply

Let me begin, said kind soul

Up in the morn, when did the sun

Up in the morn when I airo

I nearly die before I eat,

Die beside the garden wall the river have,

End undressed the tides,

I am help they told me to

him

When all the grass was thick with snow,
It was the very full of day, and night had hardly gone away
The deer stood in the hollow

Only the birds and me were up.

All the trees stood very still

Birds, in the bushes and the trees and on the hill;
And all the birds are long

An air-nasal respirator?
Must I, alas! disfigured go
Among my fellows, to and fro—
Among the ladies, in and out,
Blessed with an artificial snout?
Ariel to Bottom altered, Don
Giovanni, with a false face on,
Must I—ye graces, pause and hear!—
Angel de-angelised appear?
With my pig's snout upon my face
I now inhale, with fishy grace,
My gills outflapping right and left—
Ol. pin. sylvest.¹ I am bereft
Of a great deal of charm by this—
Not quite the bull's eye for a kiss—
But like a gnome of olden time
Or boguey in a pantomime.
For ladies' love I once was fit,
But now am rather out of it.
Where'er I go revolted curs
Snap round my military spurs;
The children all retire in fits
And scream their bellowses to bits.
Little I care—the worst's been done;
Now let the cold, impoverished sun
Drop frozen from its orbit—let

¹ Oil of *pinus sylvestris*, said to be the only British species of pine.

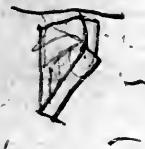
Fury and fire, cold, wind and wet,
And cataclysmal, mad reverses
Rage through the federate universes;
Let Lanisin [?] triumph, cakes and ale,
Whiskey and hock and claret fail,
Tobacco, Love and Letters perish,
And all that cultured man should cherish—
You it may touch—not me: I dwell
Too deep, already, deep in hell;
Too deep in grief already lie,
And nothing can befall—O damn!—
To make me uglier than I am.

Time was when physical disorders
Bloomed bright in the poetic borders;
Heroes and heroines together
Slunk southward from the winter weather;
From Astrakhan to the Atlantic
No malady was more romantic.
Time is: the courtly auscultator
Breathes “air-nasal respirator,”
Breathes but the word; and at the sound
Fate from your fancies cuts the ground;
The fabled charm dissolves like winking,
And leaves you both deformed and stinking.

Conceive—you’ve only three, I hope,
A section of black telescope;

All is not gold that glitters.

Royal ladies are not all
Worthy fit to kiss a country thrall;
~~In days~~, Famous ^{hero} ~~man~~ (no time ago)
~~but~~ Sing old songs unblended to;
With attention ^{use your eyes} mark the rhyme,
Hear a jester twine lies;
With old uniform shining lit,
Tense as is the soul of art.



~~book~~ red edging at top,

Half a loaf is better than no bread

For Alfred was a prudent King
And well content with everything.

Whence he said, says he, hills

After this

Our High, alpescio living rewards, Alpine life
Is ^{kind of} ~~now dull~~, ^{at least} you say, is free from strife,

At ~~which~~ I say ^{indeed} ~~which~~ hills

Here you can wear your aleatet clo' ^{at least}
After a ~~fairly~~ set off to what you undergo.

You sit and eat and well, do that in this
Each as though all the place were his;

You hit things like suns perhaps,
Or knock at other billiard shapes.

open its kindly Head
The race had better set toward
This so far my long timmer.

The earth itself may ^(set) talk a stend
O' mortal cholic

An' behind right ad warin', end
The rain, and frostic.

The tale concern (with bens an' eggs,
Bessie, beth an' mites, stars an' clegs)

Fire stacks upon lousy bess

~~With ne'er a swain~~

The took o' mankind near the deeps

humpies

leave

Rins into law,..

~~From other fairies~~
The get into Birth, - fops,

Fairies an' a.

Back as for you,
But willer tongue my kindly ballyan,

Wiles me still (a halfin')

My baly an' you ~~would~~ a ballyan,

Invade

Standy Death spic, about the ballyan,

Abled to stripe

Hows to go ballyan

An' wifit' Ensign to your drivallin'

From sucen,

cuphy

~~After further dues.~~

~~With some direndge.~~

to stripe.

In shape it apes, though rather big,
The snout of the domestic pig;
On either hand—I tell no crammers—
Valves like minute piano-hammers
Go up and down with every breath
To make a sexton laugh to death.¹

Facsimile No. 19 may be passed over with but little comment. It, however, contains a few apparently unpublished lines that are worthy of scrutiny, notably the following:—

Royal ladies are not all
Fit to kiss a country thrall;
Famous bards (no time ago)
Sing old songs, unhearkened to:
With attention use your eyes,
Here² a proverb buried lies,
With old wisdom shining lit,
Terse as is the soul of wit.

The following lines, more typically Steven-sonian in spirit than in poetic beauty, appear

¹ Other lines that are associated with this effusion may be obtained by any reader who will closely examine facsimile No. 18.

² Stevenson carelessly wrote "Hear," although it is barely possible to construct a meaning with "Hear" by mentally interpolating "which" after "proverb."

at the bottom of the sheet. They were probably written while he was living at Davos.

Our high, alfreseco, Alpine kind of life,
Tho' dull, I say, is free at least from strife.
Here you can wear, unchid, your oldest clo'—
A fair set-off to what you undergo.
You sit or walk, do that or this,
Each as though all the place were his;
Or bet terrific sums perhaps,
On [?] ¹ or other billiard chaps.

Facsimiles 20 and 21 are given as evidence of the care with which Stevenson labored on the verses "In Scots" that make up the second book of *Underwoods*. Number 20 represents a portion of "The Maker to Posterity," with new material; Number 21 represents in a similar way "A Lowden Sabbath Morn."²

Facsimile No. 22 contains an amusing set of seemingly unpublished couplets addressed to Henley, in which Stevenson says that, since —

¹ Possibly the reader may find some amusement in deciphering this word. It is perhaps the name of some friend who was a billiard player.

² See the Bibliophile edition of 1916, II, 152-153.

Laugh an
Long enduring
The handclap with cont'd ancient style
The blackbird shows me now mean people

As whites them
In some stars;

her mope ^{in tape} ~~Shows too fast~~ ~~too far~~ down the Richmond miles:

A wife fit for' pretty tree, has to sp' il
The mouth o' siller!

And age 'an' wife we never
Tellen ~~the River lies along~~
~~Richmond~~ ~~the town~~
~~Richmond~~ ~~comes into stand~~

~~On down the long river~~
~~Richmond, at the river~~
Richmond the ~~From Richmond~~,
~~From her other~~,
~~And fitting the way goint~~

The brother fitting the gate, and said

The storm is comin'.

But hark the bell's ^{the} never clangy;

But hark the bell's never clangy;
To assist the day
~~John Washington~~ their brotherly boy,
Lost, lost him into long and late

~~They round the ground~~.

The collectors and the steeple went
To watch the

wha
han
bun
dear
craa
bend
row
man
jars

of
Ovary

mag.

“Jane,” and Number 25 may be deciphered by those Stevensonians who are interested in the mock elegiac sonnets which their favorite author composed in memory of the Edinburgh publican, Peter Brash—a series which may be found in the Widener Catalogue. Number 26, taken from Stevenson’s “Academic Exercise Book,” doubtless represents his method of adorning a note book during a tiresome lecture. He thought enough of one professor to be willing to devote a whole volume to his memory; but as the lines of 1874 (printed in another Bibliophile volume), “Here he comes, big with Statistics,” clearly show, he was by no means enamoured of all the gentlemen who lectured to him during his student years. Precisely whom he caricatured in the drawing here reproduced has not apparently been determined, but the notes on which the speaker stands in the facsimile seem to justify the young artist’s comical portrait. The last two, Numbers 27 and 28 (which, with the one in the front of the book, complete the twenty-nine) seem to require no editorial comment.

To begin with the Stevenson of *A Child’s*

I dwell in ~~these~~ melancholic days
When every author tolls his lays;
And all, except myself and you,
Must we and print the nonsense, too.

Why then, if this be so indeed,

If the old iron walls recede
~~and~~ Apollo's gardens gripes
And all ~~Pan~~ ^{the} ~~was~~ ^{is} overrun
For airy and the gaudy ape;
In let us, friend Henley, fast
Affliction's agent

Let us our fancy pipes upraise
And

To my enter in perchance.

Where the aged ~~graces~~ dance
Behind the bairn and ~~soys~~
Put my mechanical piano
Moreover, stumbling ~~at~~ paper,

To my enter in perchance
Where paralytic graces dance,
And to sing on each
The may trip a totting set
And play the blarney fables fayefit.



Garden and to end with the Stevenson of the bored student period may seem at first blush a questionable procedure. Yet, after all, a "Workshop" volume will possess little value if it does not serve to bring into greater relief the sheerly human qualities of the writer to whom it is devoted. It is chiefly Stevenson's inexhaustible humanity, rather than the perfection of his literary art or the power and charm of his genius, that endears him to most of his readers. That humanity finds higher expression in the period of the famous romances and in the Samoan years, but it is abundantly manifest also in his early verses and in what we know about his college days. There is nothing more human than exasperation with a bore, and, although Stevenson later acquired much of the patience of the philosophic mind and of the charitable heart, we need not apologize for taking leave of him as an irreverent caricaturist of some Edinburgh pundit.

the spot her shady and airy
challenge there wood dwelt again
Fair sun papa my lady many
But I prefer the lady Jane



The rest is at an angle;
there are two sets of steps
and two sets of stairs.

A. N.
A G E W O E
A G A I N N O B L E
O I L N L E
T H
A R M T O E
T R A I N L I E
T I T T I L L Y
N. L L L L

two E's, two T's, two O's and two
arranged in
Wreathed as though it
were ported as though it

part of the human frame;
human lives a noble aim;
certain little biped's name;
the means by which you both came,

below a jagged

His grey helm, the soldier's most valiant
Norman or all Normans, the best among them,
The hawk says his ~~face~~ ^{the left shoulder} is
Dwelling there, the petals of the flower tree
Nestling there and many Kings then come to depose;
~~He has the~~
~~And now lay them gentle people aside~~

~~So when the Norman does long hate,~~
~~So when the justness and the ~~Norman~~ face~~
~~Does mark the just while he picks his nose,~~

~~Some in the night stool, walking, spot the Ring,~~
~~Some in the moonlight, a swift stealing pace~~
~~With shielded taper toward the Earth he goes.~~

~~Fair for frame, ~~and friend~~ that diabolic eye!~~

~~Pitter patter~~

~~Fair for face is that grudge~~

~~So on all judging judgments! Bound them on Beach~~
~~With steel -~~

~~I was not so when we beheld our Beash;~~
~~King dying we held ~~renowned~~ son~~
~~We took him~~

~~King dying we~~

~~He may have had redeeming points, but we~~
~~There being scared to send them - scared to see~~
~~Them credible.~~

~~The last prancing and blinding flash~~
~~Of all that could be a dragon~~
~~One came that should stamp it less than me~~

Keim

Lecture VIII



Farmers and Historical Methods

Savage least able to inform us.
Has a man imagined Savage?
Still difference of opinion. The Indians
much of

Swages : Philology, Geology,
There is nothing a Indian
invaluable that Anwach would
know up.

Quesstis circumstantiis
Infractio ag. man., as an
individual or race, Cures



None but acting to their duty, though kind
unweariedly.

A man feels the animates; and those

Who fully comprehend, and the greater few

his [darker] in the shadow worn

~~comes after sea~~

He in the ocean, either feathers,

the olive, in his ancient garden, grew. Prince like, since it consumed
Besetting violets; the pine, — Together; and together flame
~~shaded~~ ~~the~~ ~~hand~~ ~~by~~ ~~the margin of the blue~~ cliff into the crystal air.

He heark the step and snuff the pine

Unceasable drowses threw

He is the first

Against the bril'gird of the blue

And hence the bid snell, the com of the time;

But his ~~advantage~~ ^{advantage} was prepared,

After and earth bosom gone;

And scamed deep in earth; and then

To the sole blue his ~~affection~~ ^{topped} based;

And then them, some Apil be joined and fully used.

And autumn allured with this

Here, upon these white hills, ~~the~~ ^{now} I dwell,
When Spring may come with flowers,
~~the~~ ^{they} sing ~~down~~ along the dell.
~~in~~ ^a ~~nest~~ ^{and} little
I rest,

Well then the seasons end, I suppose,

And this is ~~the~~ last performance of the year

I shall now ~~endeavor~~ to leave Davis

The Dell, the Rivers and the Belvedere;

And like one person quit the Belvedere;

700 Where there's a will there's a way.

To digar

Roads open, here comes a man,

The world ~~entire~~ ^{entire} upon play

else the restive steed to tame,

Will be ~~for~~ ^{be} bring a gage,

Built on the ~~south~~ ^{south} ~~east~~ ^{east} plain,

In dare the foe wherever he came;

At Parnassus ~~high~~ ^{high} tempests form and clouds oppose,

Wound he follows still his nose.

The laws down ill sight to see

An many ~~illusions~~ ^{illusions} ~~of~~ ^{for} the sea,

Him not affright, him not abash

But sauh him till the woulsis lash,

Through earth ~~earth~~ ere condamn goes away to down,

And not a star the night illume,

Horrest resolute still his name,

His purpose still remains the same;

In place and sense,

Forswearing ~~way~~ ^{way} war.

He takes ~~way~~ ^{way} has a good army,

He left ~~now~~ ^{now} a year ago;

Todays will ~~see~~ ^{see} a lot.

29

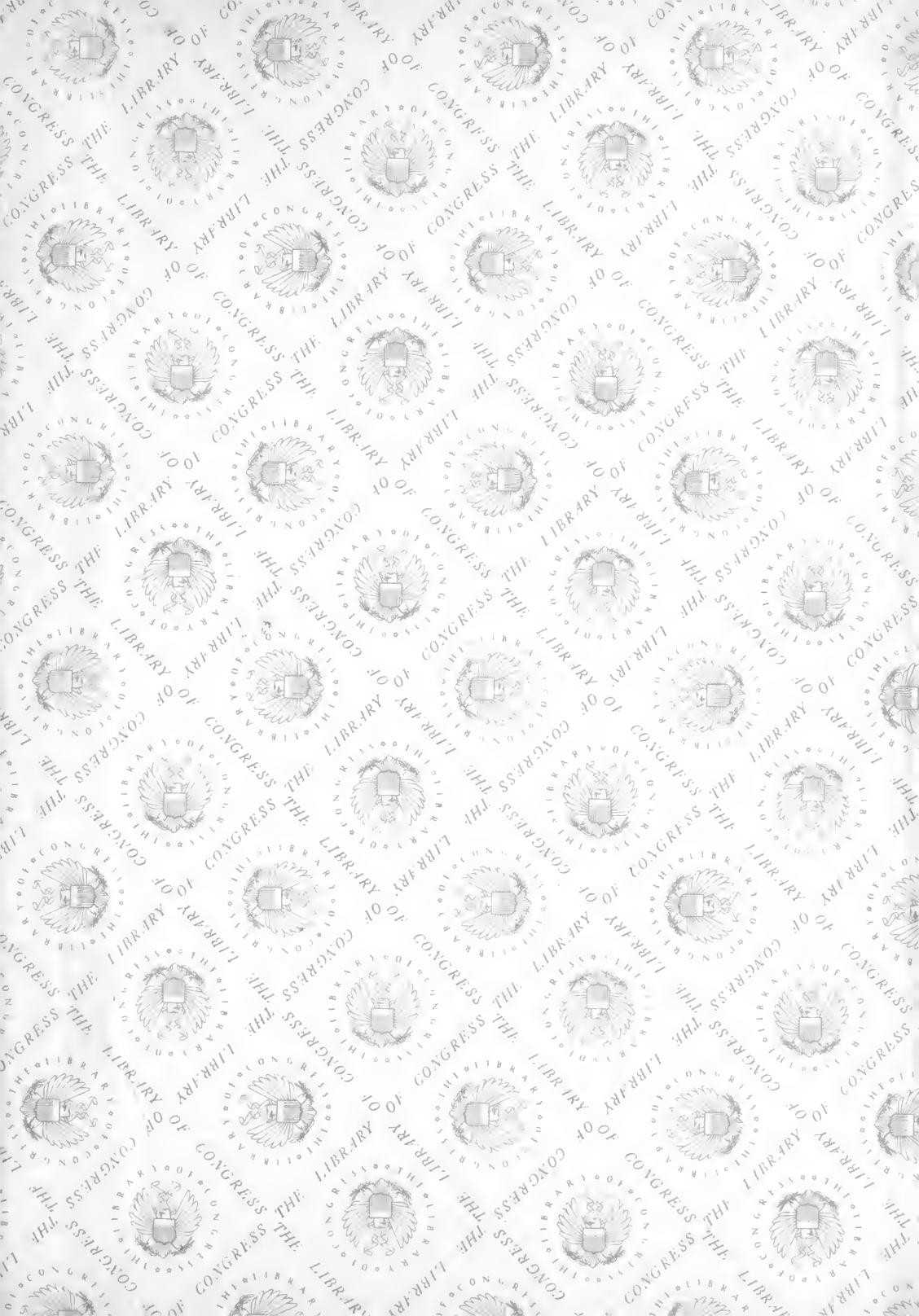
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